PENDLETON'S GREAT ROUNDUP HAS SAVOR OF OLD WEST

Annual Spectacle, Attended This Year by Rough Writers from the East, a Joyous and Colorful Occasion.

By WALTER TRUMBULL.

PENDLETON normally boasts of something over 7,000 inhabitants. But on the morning we picked to arrive it wasn't normal. Its population had increased about five times almost over night. It was the season of the Roundup.

Now the Roundup is to Pendleton just about what the earthquake—excuse us, we mean fire—was to San Francisco. It joggles the town to its foundations. We were shaken with the rest. We can remember distinctly shaking several times for something or other, so if this narrative isn't as clear in spots as it should be it is due to the surroundings.

But perhaps you don't know where Pendleton is. Get out your map and run a finger northward from New York until you come to Montreal. Then proceed due west, through Cheboygan, Mich., Wabane, Wis., St. Cloud, Minn., Aberdeen, S. D., Sheridan, Mont., and Florence, Idaho, until you cross the eastern border of Oregon. There, midway between the Umatilla Mountains and the Columbia River, you will find the town of Pendleton. Mark it with a cross, for it is one of the few places where the old West makes its last stand.

In Pendleton the manufacturing of eastern Oregon centers. For this reason it is far busier than the average town of its size. Beyond its mills and factories the lovely Umatilla Valley rises and runs to meet the hills where once countless cattle grazed. For this in the early days was a cattle country, although now its rolling surface is mostly given over to the raising of wheat, with occasional fields of alfalfa and what grazing lands remain furnishing contrasts of color.

Pendleton outwardly is much like any other place of its dimensions. It has its Main street, its large white hotel, its high school, its station and its stores and shops, where may be found tractors and plows from Indiana and Illinois, silks from Connecticut and suits, shirts and collars such as may be seen in all mediums of national advertising.

But, as we have said before, this was no ordinary occasion. Main street was gay with streamers and flags and its sidewalks were as crowded with humanity as those of Fifth avenue during a parade. The hotel was so filled with customers that it bulged like the winner of a pie eating contest and we strongly suspect that many visitors slept in the high school, the billiard halls and even in the churches. Private houses were crowded with guests, sleeping cars stood on the sidings and on the outskirts of the town were many tents beside those which sheltered the Indians who had come in for the big show. Store windows now were garnished with Stetson hats, gayly colored silk shirts and handkerchiefs and velvet vests. The chief leather store of the town displayed the $400 saddles offered for the riding and roping championships of the world. They were beautiful pieces of work and the winners certainly earned them.

The Roundup Not Like Familiar Wild West Shows

The Roundup begins on the Thursday in the third week of every September and runs through to Saturday night. We arrived on Friday. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer Putnam, Ruth Hale, Wallace Irwin, Frederick O'Brien, George S. Chappell, Charles Hanson Towne, John Held, Jr.; Hubbard Hutchinson and the writer of these lines. We were piloted to Pendleton by William McMurray, really the originator of the trip; Dan Spencer and Jimmy Hicks, all officials of the Union Pacific Railroad. We had come thousands of miles to see this Roundup. None of us had ever seen it before, but we had seen Wild West shows in the East and thought we knew what to expect. We never were more mistaken in our lives.

It wasn't that none of us had been in the West before. Some of us had. George Putnam as a youngster had been secretary to a Western Governor. Wallace Irwin was a deputy sheriff at Cripple Creek the night the town burned, although if you had taken a good look at him in the golf suit which he purchased in London you never would have believed it. Wallace almost shot a colonel and two aids that night, mistaking them for looters, and has been somewhat timid about firearms ever since. But it seemed as if we had forgotten what Western people were like and what Western hospitality could be. And we certainly knew nothing about the Roundup.

"Never seen the Roundup? Well, then, you ain't seen nothin' and you don't know nothin'," said Jodo Strand, paraphrasing the well known remarks of the gentleman experienced in delirium tremens. And before we left we admitted that Jodo was eminently correct.

Strand, a former deputy sheriff, was among those who met us at the station. Others were Henry Collins, president of the Roundup; George Baer, the business manager; R. E. Chloupek, treasurer; Roy Ritner, President of the Oregon Senate; Jinks Taylor, now Chief of Police and brother of Til Taylor, the famous Sheriff who was killed in 1920, when some desperadoes broke jail; Guy Wyrick, who fought the bandits with Taylor when the latter was shot and later helped to recapture them; Jim Sturgis and many others who grew from strangers to friends before we started home again.

Their greeting was cordial. First they roped us from horseback and then arrayed us in silk shirts and broad brimmed hats. Charlie Towne received a donation of a bright orange colored shirt and a black silk handkerchief, and after he was dressed up greatly resembled a Baltimore oriole. They then piled us into old fashioned stage coaches and drove us to the roundup grounds.

The parade was greatly enjoyed by the citizens and visitors, who lined the sidewalks in ordinary clothes. Whether the majority of them thought that we were part of the show or whether they merely regarded us as somewhat demented we never learned. But a good time certainly was had by all.

The officers of the roundup who met us are all prominent business men. Some of them own wheat fields that stretch as far as the eye can reach and have business ratings which compare favorably with those of men whose names are a power in New York financial districts.

No individual makes anything out of the Roundup except, of course, such as are among the contestants. The officers serve without pay. As a matter of fact, the honor of their positions generally costs them considerable money. The Roundup is a civic affair, a matter of local pride and strictly a sporting event. The 300 original stockholders have neither the privilege of selling nor transferring their stock. The stock carries with it voting power and that is all. If there is any surplus above the expenses it goes to beautify the city of Pendleton or improve the park where the Roundup is held.

The Roundup grounds are on the edge of town on a plot near the Umatilla River. There is a quarter mile track, banked at the turns. Inside the track is the arena. On the outside of the track runs the covered grand stand and the uncovered bleachers, giving a total seating capacity of more than 40,000. Across from the grand stand an open space has been left which always is filled during the show by hundreds of mounted cowboys, whose silk shirts and handkerchiefs furnish more color than ever is seen at any big football game in the East. Beyond them the white tents of the Indians gleam in the sun against a background of trees and hills. These Oregonians have an eye for the pictorial.

One of the finest spectacles of the Roundup is when all these cowboys and the Indians first parade and maneuver around the track and arena and then charge in mass formation directly at the grand stand, leaping the inner fence and pulling their horses up within a few feet of the front row of boxes. This takes fine riding on the part of the performers and steady nerves on the part of the spectators. Each day it seemed as if some horse might forget to stop and end by leaping playfully into the lap of a boxholder, but no accidents happened, even when some of our own party were furnished with mounts and permitted to take part in the performance.

One Is an Exhibition, The Other a Real Battle

The difference between a Wild West show and the Roundup is the difference between a spring game where the Giants play the Waco team and a world series game in which they play the Yankees. One is an exhibition and the other is a battle for blood. The finest riders and ropers and bulldoggers in existence go to Pendleton to contest for the cash to be obtained in big money prizes and the honor to be gained in winning a world championship. They risk their arms and legs and necks two or three times a day and think no more of it than they do of strapping on their spurs.

They are not there for show. It is strictly business. For instance, while we were sitting in the stand all dressed up like a jeweler's window Ray Bell was out in the arena riding No Name in a costume the upper part of which consisted of a tennis shirt, soft collar and little bow tie. He did wear chaps—not because cowboys wear chaps in the movies but because they really are an aid in riding a bucker. They call that horse No Name because even in that outspoken country nobody can find a name which really does him justice. Language is inadequate. When they turn him loose his actions remind you strongly of a cross between an automobile going over a pile of logs at seventy miles an hour and a tiger stung by a wasp.

That matter of appearance is something which impressed us strongly. If you put some of those buckaroos in the movies the fans would walk out on you, bitterly denouncing you as a faker. They don't look or dress or act in the least like Bill Hart or Tom Mix. We saw Slim Caskey slide from his saddle, crawl under a running horse and come back to the saddle on the other side while dressed in a soft white shirt, long white trousers and rubber soled sneakers. And as we remember he threw a steer while attired in the same costume. The movies should get out an injunction.

Young Squaws Attired In Satin Knickerbockers

And there was the Squaw Race. When we read the conditions—Indian ponies to be ridden by full blooded Indians—we had visions of blankets and beads. What we saw was some well groomed ponies ridden by black haired, sunburned girls in satin knickers and silk stockings. And they had satin blouses and caps with visors. There was the perfect movie lady jockey costume.

Do not, however, get the idea that there were not plenty of blankets and beads. When the great parade, in which Gov. Ben Olcott rode, swept around the track the Indians wore their native costumes and some of them were gorgeous beyond all description. One 200-pound matron, who is said to have seen over 100 winters and summers come and go, had not only a saddle blanket of wonderful bead work, but also had attached to her beaded wrap $30,000 worth of elks' teeth. That is 600 teeth at the present rate of exchange. Some of the bucks wore beads and some wore feathers, while some contented themselves with paint. That parade alone was worth the trip.

The relay races, milking contests, trick riding and roping and stage coach races, in which Col. Charles Wellington Furlong played a prominent part, all were enough to furnish a complete day's excitement, but the four events which most interested us from the East were the contests for the bucking, bulldogging and roping championships and the wild horse race.

Lena Has Decided Views About Tyranny of Men

The animals used in these contests are collected from all over the country. A bucker or a steer may distinguish himself somewhere a thousand miles away, but if his fame travels he is purchased and brought to Pendleton. The buckers never are ridden except at the Roundup. The remainder of the year they are turned out to graze and think up new tricks. They are brought into the arena by mounted men with ropes and blindfolded. Once they have been saddled and the rider is up the blind is snatched away. Then the fun begins.

There was one bucker by the name of Lena that sticks in our memory. She was large and lean, with a true Roman nose and an eye which glowed like a railroad safety lamp. She had fixed ideas as to her rights and was a born founder of leagues and societies. No man was going to tell her where to head in at. A couple of them tried it and their friends had time to get a blanket before they came down. Lena was a determined female.

But the champion buckers are supposed to be "No Name" and "Bill McAdoo." We saw Yakima Canutt ride Bill and didn't wonder that he had the reputation of being one of the greatest riders in the world. Yet Canutt only got third prize, the judges placing Howard Tegland and Ray Bell ahead of him. Later we had some conversation with Canutt. Away from the arena we found him to be a dark, handsome fellow, weighing about 185 pounds and standing something over six feet. He was straight as an arrow and looked a good deal like an actor. His clothes were beautifully cut and fitted and his hair slicked straight back from his forehead. He looked as if he had just dressed for a stroll on Fifth avenue. "So this," we said to ourself as we smoothed the orange handkerchief which draped itself upon the breast of our green silk shirt, "is a buckaroo!"

That great woman rider Mabel Strickland appeared in the roping contest and though she was merely giving an exhibition we thought she roped better than a lot of the men. Donna Card, Vera McGinnis and Lorena Trickey were other women riders.

The bulldogging, where a man leaps from the back of a running horse to headlock and throw a galloping steer, is a pastime enjoyed only by the spectators and such bulldoggers as have no especial regard for their skeleton framework. A little thing like getting hooked in the eye or ear or stepped on by more beef than there is in the average butcher shop is all in the day's work.

After you watch them for a while you can realize what toughness and gameness these men must inherit. And then you remember those early pioneers who trekked westward over what came to be called the Oregon trail, fighting Indians, battling with nature and marking their road by the graves they left on either side.

Pendleton hadn't lost this spirit in 1868 when it had the argument as to the proper place for the county seat with Umatilla. A simple solution was found. First Pendleton built a court house and then at the point of Colt .45s moved not only the county records but also the county officers over from the rival town.

And Pendleton hasn't lost that spirit now. On Roundup days the blood of those pioneers generally is spilled in greater or less quantities, but their descendants also inherit the gameness, toughness and tenacity which in every conceivable hardship opened up an empire to civilization. That is what makes the West a great country. As for the Roundup, unless one wrote books as Furlong and Hollins did there is no way to describe it. The thing is to see it. Go West, young man, go West!

SOME OF THOSE WHO WERE GUESTS AT THE RODEO.

BACK ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT — CHARLES HANSEN TOWNE, FREDERICK O'BRIEN, GEORGE CHAPPELL, WALLACE IRWIN, HUBBARD HUTCHINSON, WALTER TRUMBULL, COL. CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

FRONT ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT — GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM, JOHN HELD JR., MRS. PUTNAM, MISS PAPPOOSE, MISS RUTH HALE.

DR. WALTER E. TRAPROCK
INTREPID EXPLORER AND AUTHOR, AND AN INDIAN BELLE.

Wilhelmina's Royal Palace

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S palace at Amsterdam is built upon a foundation of 13,659 piles driven deep into the ground—150 carloads of piles, which if laid end to end, would make a string reaching nearly all the way from Boston to New York city. On such a base the conservative royal family of the Netherlands, which has withstood the recent tempest of Europe, has its official residence.

The Hague, where the States General meets and the Dutch Government is located, is not, as is generally believed, the capital of the Netherlands. Amsterdam, a city below sea level, reclaimed from the sea, is the legal capital of Holland and the Queen's official residence.

Although Her Royal Highness spends more of her time at her palace in The Hague and a great deal more still on her country estate at Het Loo, she is obliged to visit her magnificent palace at Amsterdam at least once a year in order to receive an allowance which is made to her by the city government of Amsterdam. But she does not like to live in the palace, which is one of the finest in Europe.

These royal visits to Amsterdam take place in May of each year. On such occasions a royal ball is always arranged, a gala function which is attended by the elite of the little kingdom of the Netherlands. Resident officials of other Governments and their wives are then introduced to the Queen, provided they are approved by her attendants beforehand.

The simplicity of this event otherwise is remarkable. On the part of the ladies who attend conservative decolete is about the only requirement or restriction of their wardrobes. The gentlemen, on the other hand, are required to wear a high hat, white gloves and evening dress. The men are introduced before the day of the ball, in a body, while presenting the ladies to her Majesty is a part of the evening's entertainment. Consequently a great deal of practicing for the court bow necessarily precedes the presentation.

When the presentations are over the Queen and her consort, Prince Henry, mingle with the visitors in the large main reception hall of the palace. Upon request, the subject of a desired interview communicated and approved first, guests are permitted to speak a few words with them. These conversations are short and formal.

SOME SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE WHO NOW ARE KEPT AT HOME

Dr. Thwing Sheds Additional Light on the Question of the Right of a Boy to Higher Education.

By CHARLES F. THWING.
President Emeritus Western Reserve University.

THE current question, "Are there too many college students?" needs to be defined. Too many for what? The resulting question takes on several forms and assumes several directions.

(1) Is the number too great for the homes whence come these students? Certain sons do leave their homes who should remain. Their labor is necessary for the support of those homes. An elder son, for instance, one of several children whose father is dead, the property and income of whose home is small, should, under usual conditions, remain to support his mother and his younger brothers and sisters. Selfishness must not be suffered. Filial piety and fraternal love give answer. Such conditions occur not infrequently, and their value is to be fully recognized.

Boys thus placed should not go to college. On the other hand I know of conditions of quite a contrary type. A father forbids his son going to college. He may demand the help or even the wages of his son in building up his own business. "I have a right to my son's earnings and to all his service up to the age of twenty-one!" declares a father, and his legal right he enforces. Of such a father I have heard within a week.

A condition of a still different type emerges, and it is not uncommon. How many instances does every high school principal and every college president know in which the father labors extra hours and the mother makes the old gown do for another year that Henry or Henrietta may have an education? Sometimes the sacrifice is too great, too pitiful. The son should not accept of it. Sometimes, too, it is proved that the boy is not worthy of such labor and care of father and mother.

In general, however, the homes of the ordinary type can afford to give to the son of the age of eighteen not only his financial freedom, not asking his aid in filling up the domestic chest, but also can afford to give to him at least some aid in getting a college education.

Too Many Students in Some Colleges, No Doubt

(2) Is the number of students too many for the facilities of the college which these students enter? To this question the answer is inevitable, and yet it is an answer demanding discrimination. The number is too many for the facilities of certain colleges. I can name a dozen institutions which are not giving an education to their students. These colleges lack a proper number of proper instructors—a primary lack. They lack room in their laboratories and libraries, physical space, want of sufficient equipment. The essence of education is well voiced by the phrase, "He calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out." Hundreds of teachers in overcrowded colleges are not able to call a single one of their flock by name, and there is no leading out at all. The college body is a mass, a mob, a mess; and the result is an educational and intellectual muss.

This condition especially obtains in the typical State university. For the State university is usually obliged to receive all graduates of first grade high schools of their respective commonwealths who come bearing a diploma. No one recognizes more clearly nor laments more deeply this condition than the faculty, regents and president of the universities thus overwhelmed with numbers. But other universities and colleges there are not suffering such catastrophes. Most colleges of 500 men, and many do not exceed this number, are able still to give an education to all students. Of course certain colleges, overcrowded or in danger of overcrowding, defend themselves by limiting numbers. The right or the duty of such limitations is a question demanding discriminating discussion. But the present article does not permit such discussion.

In passing it may be said that the community should vastly increase and reinforce the present facilities of its institutions of the higher education. The facilities are not adequate to the education demanded by our democracy. Either the numbers desiring education should be curtailed or the facilities of the education enlarged. What answer the American people will ultimately give is clear. Only one answer is ultimately wise or possible—advance, improve, enlarge.

(3) Is the number of students too great for the abilities of the men who take advantage of the opportunities provided by the college? Are the students intellectually equal to the college as an intellectual force? At this point, too, is need of discrimination. Some men are not equal to, or able to accept and to use these advantages, and some men are. President Faunce of Brown University said in his baccalaureate address of the last commencement that one-quarter are not able. The proportion, therefore, would be that three-quarters are able to make use of the opportunities which the college provides.

Yet be it said the college is ever seeking to keep out the men who are not sufficiently able to profit by it. The methods for such exclusions are manifold. Examinations abound. Tests of ability, native and acquired, are set. Records of high school and of the academy are weighed. The eight weeks intervening between the opening of the college in September and the Thanksgiving recess is a period of prolonged examination. The midyear examinations at the close of the first semester represent an eliminating process.

Some of the Unfit Pass All the Tests

Of course, with all these testings certain men do get by. Of course, too, it may be said many of these testings are easy, altogether too easy. Certain teachers, it may be further confessed, are lax. The lower 10 per cent. of a college class does present a troublesome problem. College spirit, to get which some men come, has value. But to get the college spirit does not justify a college education. College friendships have value. But to get college friendships does not justify a college education. College traditions have value. But to inherit these traditions does not justify a college education. Yet after making all these subtractions the great majority, three-fourths of all students, have native intellectual talent sufficient and acquired intellectual appreciation ample to justify an education. Most men are not overeducated—some are. More men by far are undereducated. If the overeducated men become nonentities, victims of the benumbing of the will by the refinements of the intellect, the undereducated men become Bolshevist perils. Of them, not of the overeducated, is the community to beware.

(4) Is the number too many for the permanent happiness of those who come? For it is possible that a college man may be so educated out of his intellectual environment and condition that, unable to adjust himself to the new environment and condition, he is unhappy. His unhappiness results in rebelliousness. Rebelliousness leads to anarchy. Such was the condition among certain of the intellectual classes of Germany in the decades preceding 1914. This condition Paulsen has well interpreted in his "German Education—Past and Present": "A certain weariness and disappointment, which begins to make itself felt here and there would seem to be the outcome of personal experiences of this kind. The student gives himself up to science, trusting to be guided by it to positive knowledge, and, perhaps, even to the highest goal, a consistent view of the world on a scientific basis. And then he has to realize that all scientific research never yields any but fragmentary knowledge, and that even these fragments of knowledge always remain subject to doubt!" But such men are relatively few. Most men are fit, and better fitted by education to their environment. This condition does not apply, however, to the new America as it did apply to old Germany.

Boys Lacking in Moral Strength Should Not Go

(5) Are there too many students in relation to another element of the student character and life? This element concerns the problem of the moral upbuilding of the individual. Are men going to college in considerable number who cannot stand the trials and endure the moral testings of the college years? Some men of this type are entering the college. The close of the four years proves that boys who cannot stand alone, boys who cannot bear up against moral temptations, boys whose appetites are stronger than their wills, boys who cannot overcome the ridicule or contempt of their fellows because of their own moral uprightness, should not pass through the academic gateway.

Such boys should consider well, and their parents should consider even better, whether they should come to college. Too many such boys are now in college, and their numbers should be rather diminished than increased. Of course the question springs to the parents' lips, "What shall I do, what can I do with my boy? For, alas, he has too many of these weaknesses which you name!" If one could only heed such petitions and answer such agonizing cries!

(6) Another form of our question is, Is the number of students too many for absorption in or usefulness to American life? What are the demands of American life? To one demand only do I now refer. But it is a demand broad, insistent, compelling. It is the demand for *leadership*.

One might possibly run the risk of saying that democracy, as now constituted in the world, gives small hope of creating proper leadership. For it feels that the only leadership it needs to have, says the political optimist, is itself, and at the same time the political pessimist affirms that the only leadership it has or deserves to have is also itself, which is liable to be the leadership of the mass.

Representative government represents the lowest and the middle part as well as the highest. The lowest and the middle part form a more numerous force than does the highest, as the bases of mountains are broader than are their peaks. Democracy does not normally call its ablest men to shoulder and to bear forward its heaviest responsibilities or to do its most arduous duties. Often it does ask those who are not its ablest men to accept its richest honors. It prefers to govern itself poorly to having an autocrat, who may be an aristocrat, govern it well. Unconsciously it interprets the process of government as more important than the product.

But all that the college gives for fostering, for promoting, for constituting education, trains leadership. Lord Bryce has a moving paragraph in his book, "Modern Democracies," upon universities and colleges as training for political leadership. He says:

"Here there are students of high intelligence, some of whom will in after life be leaders, helping to form and guide public opinion. As they already possess a knowledge of the concrete facts of politics they can use books and can follow abstract reasonings. They discuss the questions of the hour with one another. The living voice of the teacher who can treat of large principles and answer questions out of his stores of knowledge can warn against the fallacies that lurk in words, can explain the value of critical methods, and, above all, can try to form the open and truth loving mind, is of inestimable value. In times when class strife is threatened there is a special need for thinkers and speakers able to rise above class interests and class prejudices. Men can best acquire wide and impartial views in the years of youth, before they become entangled in party affiliations or business connections. The place fittest to form such views is a place dedicated to the higher learning and to the pursuit of truth. Universities render a real service to popular government by giving to men whose gifts fit them for leadership that power of distinguishing the essential from the accidental and of being the master instead of the servant of formulas which it is the business of philosophy to form, and that comprehension of what the past has bequeathed to us by which history helps us to envisage the present with a view to the future."

The answer, therefore, to our question is a mixed one.

(1). There are not too many students in college in respect to the ability of the homes to send them.

(2). There are too many students in certain colleges and not too many in other colleges.

(3). There are not too many students of the better sort and there are too many of the less worthy sort.

(4). There are not too many students who are fitted by the college to their environments. Only a few are rendered unfit.

(5). There are not too many students of fine and strong moral character, such as most students possess.

(6). There are not too many students who give promise of becoming proper leaders in our democratic community.

The simple comprehensive fact is that there can be no general over supply of educated men. A glut of intelligence or of goodness is not possible. The need for a larger supply of men, able and disciplined in mind, is as evident as is the need of men of purer heart, of firmer and well guided wills. John Stuart Mill argues that there can be no general overproduction of all commodities. There can be overproduction of certain commodities, but not of all. There may be an oversupply of lawyers or of doctors or of engineers, but an oversupply of men who can see clear and think straight is impossible. There can be no oversupply of men whose minds are at once informed and rational, whose appreciation of life's primary and subordinate values is well proportioned, whose skill in analyzing complex problems is keen, whose comprehensiveness of judgment is great and strong. Of men whose minds are like a razor in discrimination and like a woodman's ax in force there always has been, is now and, I fear, ever will be an undersupply. An "aristocracy of brains," to use President Hopkins's phrase, is good. An autocracy of brains is better. A democracy of brains is best. The democracy of brains supports the autocracy and the aristocracy as the base of the mountain supports the slopes and the peak. And the base is to be broad.

There are men in college who should be out. Their number is small. There are men out of college who should be in. Their number is rather great. To get the unworthy out and to keep their type out is primarily the function of the college. The college is performing this function with commendable wisdom and efficiency, but it ought to perform it with greater wisdom and efficiency. To get the worthy, the promising, into the college is the function of the community, of the church, of the school, of the home. In performing it the home, the church, the school and the community need: (1) The enlightened selection of most promising men as college candidates. For such a selection everyone who knows young men of this type should make himself a nominating committee. (2) The whole community needs aid in money for the sending of such promising candidates, poor in purse but rich in brain. Such financial aid most thoughtful and generous citizens are eager to give, more eager than to provide help for other forms of philanthropic betterment.

I have written of men, and of men only. The charge is seldom made that too many women are going to college. The number of women going to college should indeed be vastly increased, and colleges sufficient in number and ample in resource should be better endowed or established to receive and to educate them.

PRISMATIC BEAUTIES DELIGHT VISITORS TO GOLDFISH SHOW

FLASHES of metallic colors that challenge the glint of gold leaf, and sheet silver, and copper foil; that match iridescent mother of pearl; that have depth and brilliance to be found only in vermilion lacquer, in the petals of pale orchids and in the wings of tropical insects make a gorgeous circle of constantly moving color in the twenty-six glass tanks that are set on the top of the tiled rim of the central pool of the Aquarium at Battery Park to-day.

These twenty-six tanks hold the specimens that have been sent from Manhattan and from Brooklyn and from five towns in New Jersey for the annual goldfish show of the Aquarium Society, which was formally opened last Thursday and which closes this afternoon. This is the twenty-fifth annual exhibition.

Twice the usual number of visitors have been registered at the Aquarium since the show opened, and on this basis of estimate 25,000 New Yorkers are expected to attend the exhibition to-day.

Set in the center of this vivid, constantly moving color ring of graceful comets and orandas, grotesque goggle-eyed telescope fish, hooded lionheads, toy tropicals and squinting silver celestials is a tank that holds four rather forlorn looking little blue carp, part of the exhibit of R. J. Bright of Brooklyn. They look as if they had been entered through some mistake. As though four common little fish had strayed into this gorgeous company and were out of place in their array of ordinary scales of a color no better than that of old speckled tweeds.

Blue Carp Are Ancestors Of All the Goldfish

But there is no error about this exhibit. Blue carp have a right to claim title to a tank wherever goldfish are shown. For sentimental and historical reasons they belong in the center of the color ring on top of the tiled rim of the Aquarium pool. For all the goldfish are the descendants of carp. Some authorities say blue carp, others assert that the yellow crucian carp should have the honor. At any rate there seems to be agreement that the carp was the great-grand ancestor of all the entries.

But the show specimens of the fanciers' aquariums, fish that by actual recent sales records are worth far more than their weight in gold, are removed from the original strain by something like a thousand years, by millions and more than millions of individual fish. The taste and the patience of generations of Orientals have developed the standard types of goldfish through most careful selection and breeding of desirable specimens, and the most ruthless rejections of those that were reverting to the original type.

The toy fish was really man made, in Asia; and the West has known of it hardly three centuries. The types that the Orient developed were taken over by the West. Fine specimens were formerly nearly all of them imported. This is no longer true. More of the fish in this current exhibition at the Aquarium have been bred in the vicinity of New York than imported from China or Japan or Korea.

Large numbers of telescope fish, both adult and young, are exhibited, together with other specimens by Henry Kissel of Cliffside, N. J., by August Obermuller and Joseph Doran, both of Jersey City. Scaleless telescope fish are part of the exhibit of M. Vroom of Ridgefield, N. J.

Telescopes are shown of every possible color. Some are clear high vermilion, with large amber colored eyes; others have tortoise shell backs with silver and canary colored bellies. Some are spotted with lavender and odd shades of dull blue, but all are characterized by the protruding goggle eyes from which they are named.

Some of the eyes protrude only a little, like bright beads set under small convex crystals; others are truly grotesque, with small eyes set into the centers of great movable cushions on the sides of their heads. So easily do they roll about that they appear to be detached from the fish. These grotesques with the rolling eyes have drooping pale gray tails.

Telescope Fish Come From Chinese Breeders.

All the telescope fish have been developed in China. Most attractive of them all to many people is the Chinese Moor. This is a dark bronze colored fish that gleams with a soft luster, that in some lights seems to be a deep velvety black. The upper surface of the scales really is black, and the bronze is an underlay of color. As it moves through the water with a nervous, jerky, fluttering motion the tail resembles nothing so much as a big black moth. Exceptionally good collections of Moors are in the exhibits of Joseph Doran and M. Vroom.

Most striking, probably, of all the individual fish shown are the four large lion heads, importations from Korea, that are part of the exhibit of Dr. Eldred of Great Neck, L. I. The lionhead is nearly always the favorite fish of the fancier who spends considerable sums on his aquarium. The name comes from the contour of the heavy head, which is always of a color different from the body, a head that is generally bright coral color when the scales of the fish are gold, and that has numerous markings and convolutions at the top and at the sides.

The scales of the lionhead are of particular beauty. Each one seems a separately finished bit of work tooled and burnished by an Oriental goldsmith. With their curious veining and brilliant burnishings they make the fish look like something that is not living at all, but a mere toy, an ingenious creation of a carver of coral and a worker of yellow gold, put together and propelled by some internal mechanism that should be wound up to set it going.

An interest variation from the usual golden scaled lionhead is shown by Otto Gneidinger of Ridge Park, N. J., who is chairman of the exhibition. One of his fish has silvery pearl scales and a head the color of greenish clouded amber.

World's Long Lost Sheep Found Dead in Rockies

THE grandfather sheep of the Rocky Mountains, known for his unusual size and unsuccessfully sought by big game hunters for many years, recently was overtaken by old age and lay down and died near a crevasse of Blackfoot Glacier in Glacier National Park. The carcass was found by an Indian guide and brought into Glacier Park Station, Mont. The head, now mounted, is a rare specimen, having probably the largest horns on record. Their widest spread is twenty-two inches. All measurements exceed those of a head now on exhibition in Carnegie Museum, as shown by the following comparison:

	Measurements. Head recently found. Inches.	Head in Carnegie Museum. Inches.
Down from base	14½	10½
Total length (outside curve)	39¾	34½
Widest spread	22	21
Spread at tips	21	17

This monster sheep was last seen alive five years ago on the western slope of the Rockies, just outside the boundary of the park. Many big game hunters' tales of this huge ram were laughed at as fabrication by other hunters who had not seen him.

The Blackfeet Indians had a religious regard for this mammoth animal, and never tried to kill it. They believed it was the original strayer from the Great Spirit's fold, the world's longest "lost sheep." Its death from natural causes is an omen the Indians now are pondering over with a great deal of seriousness.